SPIDER-MAN®

MARVEL

MAX

MAX

HINE • SAPOLSKY • DI GIANDOMENICO

EYES WITHOUT A FACE

SPIDER-MAN

NOIR

SPIDER-MAN

BLACK CAT

EYES WITHOUT A FACE

WRITERS
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WITH
FABRICE SAPOLSKY

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CARMINE DI GIANDOMENICO

COLORS
CARMINE DI GIANDOMENICO
WITH
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SEPTEMBER 1933. AROUND MIDNIGHT.

THE MANHATTAN OFFICE OF THE BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.

THIS IS YOUR STOP, STOOLIE!

HNC News

SKREEEECH

Squeaker

OH, JEEZ! HIS TONGUE'S GONE.

COUNT THE MONEY.

TWO HUNDRED IN TENS AND TWENTIES, RIGHT?

ON THE NOSE.

HOW DID YOU KNOW?

IT'S WHAT I PAID HIM.

EIGHT MONTHS AGO, I TOOK DOWN THE GOBLIN AND IT LEFT A POWER VACUUM. NOW THERE'S A NEW BOSS IN TOWN.

DUMPING A BODY ON THE STEPS OF THE BUREAU'S OFFICE TAKES SOME MOXIE. HE'S TELLING THE PLAYERS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LAW THAT HE'S UNTOUCHABLE.

IT'S TIME SOMEBODY PROVED HIM WRONG.

BROOKLYN. THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT. 2 A.M.

THE SPIDER-MAN!

BRRAT-A-BRRAT-A-BRRAT

I HAVE A QUESTION.

WHO IS HE?

THWIP

UNNF--

WHO IS THE CRIME MASTER?!

NUH-NOBODY KNOWS.

H-HE WEARS A MASK.

WHERE DO I FIND HIM?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE *DOES* TO STOOL PIGEONS?

I'VE *SEEN* WHAT HE DOES. THING IS...

WHAM

...HE ISN'T HERE.

I AM.

FOUR HOURS AGO.

DONATO MORETTI. THANK YOU FOR COMING.

MAKE IT SNAPPY. I HAVE PLACES TO GO.

ALL RIGHT. HERE'S THE *SNAPPY* VERSION.

I TAKE THIRTY PERCENT OF YOUR RECEIPTS, OFF THE TOP. IN RETURN I GUARANTEE YOUR TURF. NO COMPETITION. NO INTERFERENCE FROM--

HEH HEH.

ARE YOU *LAUGHING* AT ME?

YOU CALL ME HERE. YOU *SUMMON* ME...

I CAME HERE, OUT OF CURIOSITY. I WANTED TO SEE WHAT KIND OF *TWO-BIT PUNK* HIDES HIS FACE BEHIND A *MASK.*

EVEN THE GOBLIN NEVER TOOK THIRTY PERCENT AND THE GOBLIN WAS A *MAN.* HE COMMANDED RESPECT. WE *GAVE* HIM RESPECT. YOU...

THIS IS WHAT I GIVE YOU...

P-TOOO

OKAY. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

TONY?

NNUUUUNNGGH...

DO YOU KNOW WHY THEY CALL HIM THE SANDMAN?

SWEET DREAMS, TONY.

KKK-UUKKK...

CRUNCH

THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE. NOW.

LOOKS LIKE THIS PLACE IS CLOSED FOR BUSINESS.

SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT GOON GAVE UP THIS LOCATION TOO EASILY.

NO MOVEMENT. NO SOUND. THERE'S NO ONE HERE.

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG.

THERE'S AN ODOR.

THE LAST TIME I SMELLED IT WAS THE NIGHT UNCLE BEN DIED.

I KNOW WHAT IT IS...

...THE STENCH OF THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

SPIDER-MAN: NOIR

EYES WITHOUT A FACE

PART 1: AROUND MIDNIGHT

FELICIA HARDY'S APARTMENT, ABOVE THE BLACK CAT NIGHTCLUB.

ARE YOU GOING TO STAY UP THERE ALL NIGHT?

I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE TOO LATE TO VISIT.

I NEVER SLEEP BEFORE DAWN.

COME ON DOWN AND HAVE A DRINK WITH ME.

ANY PARTICULAR REASON YOU DROPPED BY?

I, UH... I NEED YOUR HELP.

NOW WHY WOULD A TOUGH GUY LIKE YOU NEED *MY* HELP?

YOU'VE HEARD OF THE CRIME MASTER?

SURE. HE'S QUITE THE BIG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

I'M GOING AFTER HIM.

ONLY HE DOESN'T ADVERTISE. I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS OR WHERE HE'S OPERATING FROM.

AND WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?

EVERYONE SPENDS TIME IN *THE BLACK CAT*, AND WHEN THEY'VE HAD A DRINK OR TWO, EVERYONE TALKS. YOU JUST HAVE TO KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN.

THE BLACK CAT IS NEUTRAL GROUND. I DON'T WORK FOR JOHN LAW. I DON'T WORK FOR ***ANYONE.***

YOU HELPED ME WITH THE GOBLIN.

I HAD A GOOD REASON.

I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THIS CRIME MASTER. HE NEVER HURT ME.

HE'S KILLED A LOT OF PEOPLE.

I HEARD. MOBSTERS, HOODLUMS, NO-GOOD TRASH.

WHO CARES?

I CARE.

THE ANSWER IS NO.

NOW WHAT'S THE *OTHER* REASON YOU CAME HERE?

NO OTHER REASON.

LIAR.

TIME YOU WERE LEAVING.

LEAVING? I THOUGHT WE COULD DO SOMETHING TODAY.

LIKE WHAT? GO FOR A SODA? WALK IN THE PARK?

I'M NOT YOUR *GIRLFRIEND*, PETER.

WHY NOT?

I KNOW YOU'RE...I MEAN... I'M *YOUNGER* THAN YOU, BUT--

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? TAKE ME TO MEET YOUR AUNT MAY?

"THIS IS FELICIA. SHE RUNS THE HOTTEST SPEAKEASY IN TOWN, USED TO BE A DANCER...

"...THE EXOTIC KIND."

FIND YOURSELF A *NICE* GIRL, GET MARRIED, SETTLE DOWN, THEN WHEN YOU NEED A LITTLE EXCITEMENT ON THE SIDE, COME AND SEE ME.

THAT'S WHAT I'M GOOD FOR. LATE NIGHTS, WHEN THE MOOD LIGHTING AND THE BOOZE GIVE EVERYTHING A MISTY GLOW.

I DON'T LOOK SO GOOD IN THE DAYLIGHT.

FELICIA--

--GO HOME.

BOWERY WELFARE CENTER.

WE'VE GOT A NEW PRESIDENT AND A NEW DEAL. AND THE SAME OLD HOMELESS BUMS ARE STILL LINING UP FOR AUNT MAY'S SOUP.

LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN.

MARY JANE WATSON. IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I SAW YOU IN AN APRON.

YOUR AUNT CALLED ME IN. SHE HAS VISITORS AND YOU WEREN'T HERE TO HELP OUT, SO...

YEAH, I GUESS I LOST TRACK OF TIME.

LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD QUITE A NIGHT.

YOU COULD SAY THAT.

SO WHO'S VISITING?

THE ROBERTSONS. THEY'RE UPSTAIRS WITH MAY.

I'LL HOLD THE FORT HERE. YOU GO JOIN THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

YOU KNOW ME. I ALWAYS VOTED REPUBLICAN, BUT I HAVE TO HAND IT TO HIM--ROOSEVELT HAS STABILIZED THE BANKS AND THE STOCK MARKET, PROTECTED HOME MORTGAGES--

--FINE AND DANDY FOR THE WEALTHY. THEY'RE THE ONES THAT GOT US IN THIS MESS.

AND THERE'S THE PROGRAM OF PUBLIC WORKS. THAT'S PUTTING FOLKS BACK TO WORK--

NOT THE *COLORED* WORKERS! THE DEMOCRATS HAVE NEVER DONE A DAMN THING FOR US AND ROOSEVELT IS NO DIFFERENT.

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HIS PRECIOUS N.R.A. STANDS FOR...AND IT ISN'T *NATIONAL RECOVERY ACT.*

IT'S *NEGROES ROBBED AGAIN.*

I HAPPEN TO KNOW... THIS IS FROM AN INSIDE SOURCE IN THE WHITE HOUSE...

...EVEN WITH LYNCHINGS BACK UP TO TWO A MONTH, ROOSEVELT HAS REFUSED TO BACK AN ANTI-LYNCHING BILL BECAUSE HE WON'T RISK LOSING THE SUPPORT OF THE SENATE ON *MORE IMPORTANT* ISSUES.

YOUR "INSIDE SOURCES" ARE AGITATORS... PROPAGANDISTS.

MIND IF I INTERRUPT THE DEBATE BEFORE CIVIL WAR BREAKS OUT IN HERE?

PETER!

IT'S A *REVOLUTION* THAT HOTHEAD SON OF MINE WANTS.

I BLAME *YOU* FOR THIS, MAY PARKER, *CORRUPTING* THESE IMPRESSIONABLE YOUNG MINDS.

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN, ROBBIE? WE DON'T SEE SO MUCH OF YOU THESE DAYS.

HE'S TOO BUSY CHASING RUMORS.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT? THE *BOTH* OF YOU ENDING UP AS NEWSHOUNDS.

I'M STILL STUDYING FOR COLLEGE.

IN A YEAR OR TWO, WHEN I HAVE ENOUGH SAVED FOR THE FEES...

COME ON, PETER, LET'S GET SOME AIR. THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO BEND YOUR EAR ABOUT.

SO HOW IS IT AT *THE NEGRO WORLD?*

FRUSTRATING.

OH IT'S FINE WHEN WE STICK TO SOUNDING OFF ON THE PROGRESS OF THE COLORED RACE.

LIBERAL NEW YORKERS ARE HAPPY TO PAT US ON OUR NAPPY HEADS AND CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES ON HOW BROAD-MINDED THEY ARE.

WHEN WE TRY TO STEP OUTSIDE OUR BOUNDARIES, IT'S ANOTHER STORY...

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DOCTOR OTTO OCTAVIUS?

THE MOST BRILLIANT BIOLOGIST IN THE COUNTRY.

THE GOVERNMENT IS FINANCING HIS NEW RESEARCH. SET HIM UP IN A LAB ON ELLIS ISLAND.

RIGHT. AND I WAS PLANNING A PIECE ON HIM FOR THE SUNDAY SECTION.

PROBLEM IS, WHEN THE PAPER REQUESTED AN INTERVIEW, HE TURNED US DOWN FLAT.

GUESS WE JUST AREN'T PRESTIGIOUS ENOUGH FOR HIM TO WASTE HIS TIME.

BUT IF *YOU* WERE TO APPROACH HIM THROUGH *THE BUGLE*...

I DON'T KNOW IF JAMESON WOULD BUY IT.

YOU'RE THE SCIENCE WHIZ. YOU CAN CONVINCE HIM.

WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?

LET ME TAG ALONG. IT'S YOUR STORY. I JUST WANT TO SEE THE INSIDE OF THAT LABORATORY.

AND I ALWAYS WANTED TO GO TO ELLIS ISLAND.

THREE DAYS LATER...

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT MILLIONS OF IMMIGRANTS WERE PROCESSED THROUGH HERE. MY GREAT-GRANDPARENTS MUST HAVE STEPPED OFF THE BOAT RIGHT ON THIS SPOT.

NOT MINE. I'LL VENTURE THAT MY ANCESTORS WERE A LITTLE LESS OPTIMISTIC ABOUT THEIR PROSPECTS THAN YOURS WHEN THEY SET FOOT ON AMERICAN SOIL.

THE FLOW GOES THE OTHER WAY THESE DAYS. THAT'S THE DEPORTATION HOLDING CENTER OVER THERE. LAST STOP FOR ALL THE UNDESIRABLES WHO DON'T FIT THE PICTURE OF THE PERFECT AMERICAN CITIZEN.

CRIMINALS, SUBVERSIVES, COMMUNISTS, ANARCHISTS...

STRANGE PLACE TO BE SETTING UP A HIGH-LEVEL GOVERNMENT LAB.

IT MAKES SENSE. IT'S ISOLATED. HIGH SECURITY.

AND THE OLD HOSPITAL BUILDINGS ARE A PERFECT LABORATORY SPACE.

YOU MUST BE THE REPORTER FROM *THE BUGLE*.

I'M PETER PARKER. THIS IS MY COLLEAGUE, MR. ROBERTSON.

I'M DOCTOR CONNORS.

YOUR EDITOR DIDN'T MENTION--

ROBBIE'S MY ASSISTANT. HE HELPS OUT WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHY.

YOU UNDERSTAND, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE PICTURES OF THE EXPERIMENTS.

THAT'S OKAY. A SHOT OF DOCTOR OCTAVIUS WILL BE FINE.

DOCTOR, THE REPORTER FROM THE *DAILY BUGLE* IS HERE.

GENTLEMEN...

FF-1

...DOCTOR OTTO OCTAVIUS.

MISTER PARKER. YOUR EDITOR SPOKE HIGHLY OF YOU.

FORGIVE ME. I'VE JUST COMPLETED A RATHER DELICATE PIECE OF SURGERY.

I'M AFRAID THE SMELL OF BLOOD AND FORMALDEHYDE IS ALWAYS WITH ME.

THE MONKEY IS THE CLOSEST WE CAN GET TO THE HUMAN BRAIN. IT DOESN'T HAVE THE INTELLECT, OF COURSE, BUT THE REACTIONS, THE BASIC PRIMITIVE URGES, ARE SIMILAR ENOUGH TO WORK WITH.

MY GOD!

YOU'VE INSERTED ELECTRODES INTO THE BRAIN?

YES. WE'RE MEASURING THE CREATURE'S REACTIONS TO VARIOUS STIMULI.

HEAT, COLD, FEEDING OR WITHHOLDING FOOD. PLEASURABLE CARESSES OR LOW LEVELS OF PAIN.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE PRACTICAL USE OF THESE RESULTS, ASSUMING YOU CAN APPLY WHAT YOU LEARN TO HUMANS?

YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GRASP THE DETAIL.

TAKE IT FROM ME, THESE EXPERIMENTS WILL TAKE US TO A WHOLE NEW LEVEL OF UNDERSTANDING OF THE HUMAN MIND AND PHYSIOLOGY.

IT'S UNFORTUNATE THAT ANY CREATURE SHOULD HAVE TO SUFFER, BUT I THINK, WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE, IT'S AN AFFORDABLE PRICE...

...IF IT ENSURES THAT NO CHILD IS EVER BORN WITH A CONDITION LIKE MY OWN.

AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, YOUNG MAN? WHAT DO *YOU* THINK?

I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH YOU CAN LEARN ABOUT THE HUMAN MIND FROM A MONKEY, BUT I MUST ADMIT, THIS IS ALL QUITE...

...FASCINATING.

FASCINATING?!

WHAT THAT MAN IS DOING IS *BARBARIC!*

ROBBIE, YOU'RE JUST BEING SQUEAMISH. IT'S A *MONKEY.*

THOSE EXPERIMENTS COULD HELP CURE MENTAL ILLNESS, OVERCOME ALL KINDS OF HEREDITARY ILLNESS...

THE BENEFITS TO HUMANITY ARE *INCALCULABLE.*

WHAT WE JUST WITNESSED WAS THE OPPOSITE OF HUMANITY.

AND DID YOU SEE THE WAY HE *LOOKED* AT ME?

I *KNOW* WHY HE DIDN'T WANT TO TALK TO THE *NEGRO WORLD.*

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, ROBBIE?

YOU DIDN'T GO TO ALL THIS TROUBLE BECAUSE YOU'RE BOTHERED ABOUT THE WELFARE OF MONKEYS.

I THINK THERE'S A BIGGER STORY HERE.

ARE YOU PLANNING TO *SHARE* THIS WITH ME?

I HAVEN'T PUT IT ALL TOGETHER YET. WHEN I DO, I'LL TELL YOU.

THAT'S A PROMISE.

THE LOOK IN HIS EYES. WHATEVER IT IS HE'S KEEPING FROM ME...

...I HAVE THE FEELING IT'S SOMETHING BAD.

HAVE YOU BROUGHT THEM?

TURN OFF THAT BLASTED LIGHT, WILL YA?

OKAY, BOYS. UNLOAD THE LIVESTOCK.

HERE YOU ARE, DOC. HALF A DOZEN HEALTHY SPECIMENS.

...AND PLENTY MORE WHERE THEY CAME FROM.

TWO

"MY GOD.

"OH, MY GOD.

"HE'S INSANE."

HE'S MARKING HIS TERRITORY.

HE DUMPED MY STOOL PIGEON ON OUR DOORSTEP TO SHOW HE'S NOT SCARED OF US. NOW HE'S SHOWING HIS RIVALS WHAT HAPPENS IF THEY GO UP AGAINST HIM.

AH, *HELL!* WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT?

FROM THE FANCY DUDS, I'D SAY THAT'S DON MORETTI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS *FACE?*

IT'S IN HIS LAP.

COME ON, WALTER, WE COULD BOTH USE SOME FRESH AIR.

AGENT DE WOLFE, YOU SHOULD TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?

WEBS.

YOU THINK THE SPIDER-MAN IS WORKING WITH THE CRIME MASTER?

HE WOULDN'T BE BREAKING IN THROUGH A BACK WINDOW.

MORE LIKELY HE WAS THE "CONCERNED CITIZEN" WHO CALLED THIS IN.

SO HE'S ON OUR SIDE?

IF HE WAS ON OUR SIDE HE'D BE CARRYING A BADGE AND CALLING ME "SIR."

HE'S A *VIGILANTE.*

HE GOES WHERE HE WANTS, HE DOES WHAT HE WANTS. NO RULES. NO CONSTRAINTS.

WHERE DO I SIGN UP?

HARLEM.

ON SEVENTH AVENUE, BETWEEN 134TH AND 135TH, THERE'S A CLUB CALLED **SEVENTH HEAVEN.**

IT DOESN'T EXACTLY BROADCAST ITS EXISTENCE.

THE CLUB BELONGED TO MORETTI, BUT A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME THAT SINCE THE DON LOST FACE, IT'S UNDER NEW OWNERSHIP.

RAP! RAP!

YEAH?

JOE SENT ME.

SLAM

IT WORKS IN THE MOVIES...

I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S THE SPIDER-MAN.

OKAY, OPEN IT UP.

HE AIN'T GONNA KNOW WHAT HIT HIM.

SPIDER-MAN: NOIR
EYES WITHOUT A FACE
PART 2: NIGHT MUSIC

GENTLEMEN, LADIES, FORGIVE THE INTERRUPTION.

I'M HERE TO GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING.

YOU MAY THINK WHAT YOU'RE DOING IS HARMLESS, LISTENING TO MUSIC, DRINKING LIQUOR. EVERYONE HAVING A GOOD TIME.

THE TRUTH IS THIS DEN OF FILTH IS BUILT ON CRIME AND CORRUPTION, AND FROM THIS NIGHT I CONSIDER EVERY ONE OF YOU AS GUILTY AS THE SCUM WHO TAKE YOUR MONEY. YOU ARE GUILTY BY ASSOCIATION.

GUILTY OF NARCOTICS TRAFFICKING, THEFT, EXTORTION, BLACKMAIL, GUN-RUNNING, BOOTLEGGING, TORTURE, RAPE AND MURDER.

IF YOU WANT TO LET YOUR HAIR DOWN, I HAVE NO BEEF WITH THE *COTTON CLUB*, THE *SAVOY*, THE *RADIUM*...

...BUT YOU WILL NEVER SET FOOT IN *HERE* AGAIN.

NOW I'D LIKE YOU ALL TO LEAVE.

GO!

BRRAAAPABRRRAPA

BUSTING UP THE CRIME MASTER'S OPERATIONS GIVES ME A WARM FEELING. MY INFORMANT SAYS THIS PLACE IS SPECIAL. HE WOULDN'T TELL ME WHY. WOULDN'T SAY OR DOESN'T KNOW.

I'M GUESSING YOU'RE FAT LARRY.

YOU HEARD THE SPEECH. THIS CLUB IS SHUTTING DOWN.

Y-YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE. I PAY MY DUES. I'M COVERED.

FAT LARRY MANAGED THIS PLACE FOR THE GOBLIN, THEN MORETTI, NOW THE CRIME MASTER. THIS RAT IS A SURVIVOR.

HOLD THESE FOR ME, WILL YOU?

LISTEN TO ME, FAT MAN, THE CRIME MASTER PAYS YOU TO RUN THIS JOINT. YOU PAY THE COPS TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY.

BUT NOBODY PAYS *ME.*

HOW MUCH YOU LOOKING FOR?

JUST GIVE ME THE GUIDED TOUR.

HEY, WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET?

PUT YOUR PANTS ON. GO HOME TO YOUR WIFE. I CATCH YOU HERE AGAIN, I'LL INTRODUCE HER TO YOUR GIRLFRIENDS.

PROSTITUTION. DOPE. IT'S SICKENING BUT THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T EXPECT IN A DIVE LIKE THIS.

WHAT'S IN THERE?

NOTHING. IT'S A STORE ROOM.

UNLOCK IT.

WHAT THE HELL IS *THIS?!*

LOCKED DOOR. SOUNDPROOFING. WHAT GOES ON IN HERE?

IS THIS WHERE CRIME MASTER TORTURES HIS VICTIMS?

HEH, YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR DEPTH, AREN'T YOU? YOU NEVER BEEN IN A *CATHOUSE* BEFORE?

WHAT? WHAT'S FUNNY, LARRY?

WE HAVE CUSTOMERS WITH UNUSUAL TASTES, YOU KNOW? SADISTS. MASOCHISTS. SOME LIKE TO GIVE, SOME LIKE TO RECEIVE.

NOW HOW MUCH YOU WANT TO WALK AWAY?

NOBODY BUYS ME!

YOU TELL CRIME MASTER THIS HOLE IS CLOSED DOWN. *PERMANENTLY.*

AND YOU, LARRY...

I WHISPER IN HIS EAR, TELL HIM ALL THE THINGS I WILL DO TO HIM IF HE TRIES TO RUN AS MUCH AS A SHOE-SHINE STAND IN NEW YORK AGAIN.

WHAT I TELL HIM...I ALMOST SCARE MYSELF.

WHEN I LEAVE, I FEEL DIRTY. I NEED TO GET UP TO THE ROOFTOPS.

GET THE STENCH OF THIS PLACE OFF ME.

I NEED TO FLY.

FELICIA'S STILL AWAKE. THE MELANCHOLY SOUND OF LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S BODY AND SOUL DRIFTS ON THE NIGHT AIR.

My life's a wreck you're making...

...you know I'm yours for just the taking...

...I'd gladly surrender myself to you...

...body and soul...

HEY, HONEY, COME ON BACK IN HERE.

BOWERY WELFARE CENTER.

PETER! WHERE ON *EARTH* HAVE YOU BEEN?

HI, PETE--

AUNT MAY, YOU HAVE *GOT* TO SEE THIS.

JAMESON RAN MY PIECE ON DOCTOR OCTAVIUS UNCUT.

I ASKED YOU WHERE YOU'VE BEEN, YOUNG MAN.

HAVE YOU BEEN HANGING AROUND THOSE PLACES BEN URICH USED TO TAKE YOU?

GROUNDBREAKING NEW EXPERIMENTS AT ELLIS ISLAND LAB

I--

--CARVER?

PETER, WE NEED TO TALK TO YOU.

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

ROBBIE'S GONE MISSING.

MAYBE HE'S STAYING OVER AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE.

NO.

I'M SORRY. WHERE ARE MY MANNERS? THIS IS GLORIA.

SHE'S BEEN STEPPING OUT WITH ROBBIE.

ROBBIE WOULDN'T SLEEP OUT *ANYWHERE* WITHOUT ME KNOWING ABOUT IT.

HE'S IN *TROUBLE.*

HE'S BEEN INVESTIGATING THE ACTIVITIES OF WHITE SUPREMACISTS.

I TOLD HIM THE K.K.K. ARE *FINISHED,* BUT HE'S CONVINCED THEY'VE GONE UNDERGROUND, ASSIMILATED INTO THE MAINSTREAM POLITICAL PARTIES.

HE THINKS THEY'RE LINKED TO THE FRIENDS OF NEW GERMANY.

THE *WHAT?*

THEY'RE GERMAN IMMIGRANTS WHO WANT TO SET UP AN AMERICAN NAZI PARTY. THEY'RE DIRECTLY SPONSORED BY THE NAZIS IN GERMANY.

ROBBIE THINKS THEY INTEND TO INFILTRATE THE UPPER RANKS OF AMERICA'S POLITICAL POWER STRUCTURE BY PLAYING UP STORIES THAT ROOSEVELT'S POLICIES ARE BEING DICTATED BY HIS *"NEGRO LOVER"* WIFE.

ROBBIE HAS CONTACTED A FORMER MEMBER OF THE FRIENDS OF NEW GERMANY WHO BELIEVES THEY'RE PLANNING TREASONABLE ACTIVITIES.

I THINK THERE'S A BIGGER STORY HERE.

ARE YOU PLANNING TO *SHARE* THIS WITH ME?

HE'S ALSO BEEN LOOKING INTO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF DOZENS OF NEGROES FROM THE STREETS OF HARLEM OVER THE PAST MONTHS.

I SHOULD HAVE *LISTENED* TO HIM. I TOLD HIM HE WAS IMAGINING THINGS.

BUT IF IT WERE TRUE WE WOULD HAVE HEARD ABOUT IT.

IF THEY WERE *WHITE* YOU'D HAVE HEARD ABOUT IT.

COPS DON'T TAKE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF COLOREDS TOO SERIOUSLY.

I TRIED TO REPORT ROBBIE MISSING AT THE POLICE STATION.

ASKED ME IF I'D CHECKED THE DRUNK TANK.

MY ROBBIE, IN THE *DRUNK TANK!*

WHY DIDN'T ROBBIE *TELL* ME WHAT HE WAS DOING?

HE WASN'T SURE *YOU* WOULD TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY EITHER.

BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL THE MISSING PEOPLE?

THEY COULDN'T JUST *DISAPPEAR.*

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I'M GOING TO FIND ROBBIE.

WAIT! I'M COMING WITH YOU.

PETER--?!

ELLIS ISLAND.

THESE ARE THE NEW ARRIVALS, DOCTOR.

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, OCTAVIUS.

HE KNOWS MY NAME.

YOU DON'T *REMEMBER* ME, DO YOU?

I SUPPOSE WE ALL LOOK THE SAME TO YOU.

I CAN DISTINGUISH GENDER. THAT'S QUITE SUFFICIENT.

THIS FEMALE WILL DO, CONNORS.

HAVE HER CLEANED UP AND BRING HER TO THE LAB.

SOMEWHERE IN MANHATTAN.

I'M TOLD THE SPIDER-MAN PAID A VISIT TO *SEVENTH HEAVEN.*

IT'S NOT A PROBLEM, BOSS. THE DUMB PALOOKA DIDN'T FIND A THING.

BUT IF HE HAD BEEN THERE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS EARLIER, HE WOULD HAVE FOUND FOUR NEGROES IN CHAINS.

YOU'RE DISAPPOINTING ME.

EVERYTHING'S JAKE. I HAVE THIS CITY UNDER MY THUMB. THE BULLS, THE FEDS, EVERY TWO-BIT GUZZLER AND HOODLUM IN TOWN IS *TERRIFIED* OF ME.

IDIOT!

THIS IS WHAT THEY'RE AFRAID OF.

I CREATED THE CRIME MASTER. WITHOUT THE MASK, YOU'RE *NOTHING!*

NOW GET OUT OF HERE. I HAVE A MEETING TO GO TO.

ELLIS ISLAND.

JOSEF. YOU'RE LATE. I WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN WITHOUT YOU.

THERE WAS A PROBLEM THAT NEEDED MY ATTENTION.

AH. POLITICS.

ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THE THEORIES OF RUDOLF KJELLÉN?

GEOPOLITIK AND LEBENSRAUM.

YES, YES. BUT HE ALSO WROTE *THE STATE AS A FORM OF LIFE*, WHERE HE INITIATED THE CONCEPT OF ***BIOPOLITICS***, WITH THE STATE AS AN ORGANISM THAT HOSTS CERTAIN PARASITIC LIFE FORMS.

LIFE FORMS THAT MUST BE CUT AWAY IF THE STATE IS TO SURVIVE.

I DON'T PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND WHY BERLIN WANTS US TO SPONSOR THESE EXPERIMENTS.

THERE ARE MORE EFFICIENT WAYS TO EXTERMINATE PARASITES THAN TO DISSECT THEM ONE BY ONE.

BUT EXTERMINATION IS SO ***WASTEFUL.*** I HAVE WRITTEN TO HEINRICH HIMMLER AND HE AGREES WITH ME.

YOU HAVE AN ALTERNATIVE?

I GREW UP IN GERMAN SOUTHWEST AFRICA. MY FATHER HAD A COPPER MINE, WORKED BY INDIGENOUS ***FORCED LABOR.***

"LIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT OUR NATIVE HOUSE SERVANTS.

"BUT THEY WERE ALWAYS PROBLEMATIC. TROUBLESOME, LAZY...

"...AND DEGENERATE.

"I DETERMINED LONG AGO THAT THE SOLUTION LAY IN A MARRIAGE OF NEUROLOGICAL AND BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE."

...I INTEND TO PROVE THAT INFERIOR RACES MAY BE CONTROLLED. IF I CAN REMOVE THEIR WILL-POWER PERMANENTLY, THEN WE WILL HAVE THE PERFECT WORKFORCE...

OBEDIENT, HARD-WORKING AND INCAPABLE OF REBELLION...

...BECAUSE THEIR WILL TO RESIST HAS BEEN CUT AWAY LIKE A CANCEROUS TUMOR.

SEVENTH HEAVEN, HARLEM.

IT LOOKS LIKE FAT LARRY TOOK MY THREATS SERIOUSLY.

DRINKING ALONE?

WE'RE CLOSED.

AND HOW THE HELL DID--

YOU--

SHOW ME THAT ROOM AGAIN, LARRY. THE ROOM WITH THE CHAINS.

AND THIS TIME I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THEY'RE *REALLY* FOR.

TELL CRIME MASTER, HE'S DOWNSTAIRS, IN THE CLUB.

THE SPIDER-MAN!

KRASH

I KNOW THE CRIME MASTER'S GOONS HAVE BEEN SNATCHING COLORED PEOPLE OFF THE STREET.

I KNOW THEY'VE BEEN KEPT HERE.

I DON'T KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THAT.

I JUST WANT TO RUN MY CLUB.

A LITTLE JAZZ MUSIC, NICE GIRLS.

WELL, AIN'T THIS COZY?

I HEAR YOU BEEN LOOKING FOR ME.

YOU'LL NOTICE MY BOYS AREN'T USING THEIR CANNONS.

I WANT YOU *ALIVE* WHEN I SLIT YOU OPEN AND YOUR GUTS SPILL OUT ON THE FLOOR.

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, LADIES?

LET'S DANCE!

THWIP

UNNFF!

THWIP

AKK!

ARRRGH!

ALL RIGHT, BIG GUY, YOU CAN STEP OUT OF THE WAY OR I'M GOING TO HAVE TO HIT YOU.

YOUR CHOICE.

HIT ME.

OKAY. WATCH THE BIRDIE.

THE POOR SAP. THIS IS ALMOST TOO EASY.

THUNK

AAAAHH--!

IT FEELS LIKE I HIT A LUMP OF GRANITE.

UNH--!

SNIK

UNNNHH...

REMINDS ME OF WHEN I WAS A KID. I PINNED A SPIDER TO THE TABLE, BELLY UP.

THEN I SLIT IT OPEN, TO SEE WHERE THE WEBS CAME FROM...

THREE

C'MON, AGENT DE WOLFE. GIMME A BREAK, WILLYA?

THE LAST GUY WAS SEEN TALKING TO YOU HAD HIS TONGUE FED TO HIM.

THE FASTER YOU TALK, THE SOONER YOU'LL BE ON YOUR WAY.

I ALREADY TOLD THE FLATFOOT. WHOLE GANG OF HOODS WENT INTO SEVENTH HEAVEN MAYBE TWENTY MINUTES AGO. ONE OF THEM WAS SANDMAN.

ANOTHER GUY WAS WEARING A BLACK MASK AND GLOVES. HAD TO BE THE CRIME MASTER.

OFFICER, DO THE MAN A FAVOR. MAKE IT LOOK LIKE HE DIDN'T SPILL ANYTHING.

MY PLEASURE.

SPIDER-MAN: NOIR

EYES WITHOUT A FACE

PART 3: BLUES IN THE NIGHT

SO WHAT DO WE DO, BOSS?

IF WE BUST IN AND FIND THEM PLAYING PINOCHLE OVER A CUP OF JAVA, WE'RE GOING TO LOOK LIKE A BUNCH OF DUMB HICKS.

CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

THE BUREAU NEEDS A HEADLINE ARREST. CRIME MASTER IS HEADLINES.

HOOVER WILL STRING US UP BY OUR THUMBS IF WE BLOW THIS.

A GUY IN A MASK IS A GUY IN A MASK. WITHOUT IT HE'S JUST ONE MORE CITIZEN. HOW DO WE PROVE HE'S THE CRIME MASTER?

I SAY WE BACK OFF UNTIL WE KNOW FOR SURE WE'RE GOING TO CATCH HIM RED-HANDED.

HOLD HIM STEADY. I DON'T WANT HIM WRIGGLING WHEN I OPEN HIM UP.

UHNNNN...

UNNF--

THWIP

AAAH!

DAMN IT! HE BROKE MY FINGERS!

KILL HIM!

ARE YOU PLANNING ON DEBATING THIS ALL NIGHT OR ARE WE GOING TO *BUST* THIS JOINT?

JERRY, WHAT HAVE WE GOT ON THE SANDMAN?

HE'S AN ENFORCER. WANTED IN THREE STATES. KIDNAP, ASSAULT, MURDER.

GOOD ENOUGH. WE'RE GOING AFTER THE SANDMAN. IF WE CAN PUT A FACE TO THE CRIME MASTER WHILE WE'RE DOING IT, THAT'S A BONUS.

NOBODY MOVE!

FREEZE, SANDMAN!

LOOK AT THAT, THEY'RE HANDING OUT *GUNS* TO THE COLLEGE BOYS.

THEY TEACH YOU HOW TO *USE* THOSE THINGS?

SANDMAN... HE'S THE SANDMAN...

--THE HELL IS *WRONG* WITH YOU?

STOP HITTING HIM OR I SWEAR I'LL *SHOOT* YOU!

...HE COMES IN THE NIGHT TO STEAL YOUR EYES...

THAT'S IT, YOU LUNATIC! YOU HAD YOUR WARNING!

BLAM

...AND HE SMELLS LIKE FORMALDEHYDE...

...GOING TO SLEEP NOW...

HE-HE'S STILL *MOVING!*

THAT THING AIN'T *HUMAN!*

BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM BLAM BLAM

KLIK KLIK KLIK

THUMP

CRAZY...

GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY RELOAD!

AFTER THEM! MOVE IT!

GO THAT WAY. LAY LOW UNTIL I CONTACT YOU.

I KNOW YOU...

...SAW YOU OUTSIDE THE BUREAU'S OFFICE...

...WITH A DEAD BODY...

AM I UNDER ARREST?

YOU'RE NOT MY JURISDICTION. NOT UNLESS IT'S CLYDE BARROW UNDER THAT MASK.

I HEARD YOU SHUT THIS PLACE DOWN. IS THAT WHY THE SANDMAN WAS BEATING ON YOU?

I THINK-- *OW!*

I THINK THERE'S A BIGGER STORY.

IT GETS POLITICAL.

CRIME MASTER IS LINKED TO THE KLAN AND THE FRIENDS OF NEW GERMANY.

THE *NAZIS?*

THEY'RE TAKING COLORED PEOPLE OFF THE STREETS. I THINK THEY'RE KILLING THEM.

CAN YOU *PROVE* THAT? THIS IS NEW YORK, NOT MISSISSIPPI.

YOU EVER HEAR ABOUT THE DRAFT RIOTS OF 1863? A MOB RAMPAGED THROUGH MANHATTAN, GRABBED EVERY NEGRO THEY COULD GET THEIR HANDS ON. BEAT THEM, BURNED THEM, HANGED THEM FROM LAMPPOSTS.

YOU KNOW YOUR HISTORY.

I HAVE A FRIEND WHO'S A SPECIALIST.

FORMALDEHYDE. SANDMAN STINKS OF FORMALDEHYDE.

I'M AFRAID THE SMELL OF BLOOD AND FORMALDEHYDE IS ALWAYS WITH ME.

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT DOCTOR OCTAVIUS, THE SCIENTIST WITH THE LAB ON ELLIS ISLAND?

OCTAVIUS IS OFF LIMITS.

SO THERE *IS* SOMETHING.

MAYBE.

THE BUREAU IS ON SHAKY GROUND RIGHT NOW. THE NEW ADMINISTRATION WANTED HOOVER OUT AND HE'S HANGING ON BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH.

IF WE STEP ON TOO MANY TOES, THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WILL SHUT US DOWN.

STEPPING ON TOES IS WHAT I DO BEST, AGENT. I CAN GO PLACES YOU CAN'T.

THE NAME'S JEAN DE WOLFE.

IN CASE YOU NEED TO GET HOLD OF ME.

CAN'T GO AFTER ROBBIE LIKE THIS. I NEED TO REST UP.

CAN'T GO HOME EITHER. AUNT MAY MUST BE WORRIED SICK. IF SHE SEES ME COVERED IN BRUISES...

IF SANDMAN HAD KILLED ME...

MROWWW

MEEOWWRR

HEY NOW, WHAT'S GOT YOU ALL SO SPOOKED?

PETER!

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT FELICIA. SOMETHING THAT MAKES ME WANT TO TRUST HER. I TELL HER EVERYTHING. JUST LIKE BEN URICH USED TO.

I THINK ROBBIE IS ON ELLIS ISLAND.

DOCTOR OCTAVIUS IS MIXED UP IN THIS SOMEHOW.

AND THIS AGENT DE WOLFE SAYS THEY CAN'T TOUCH HIM?

WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT OCTAVIUS?

HE'S TOO USEFUL, I GUESS. THE MAN *IS* A GENIUS.

GO TO SLEEP.

YOU'RE SAFE NOW.

FELICIA...

...DID YOU EVER HEAR THAT VERSION OF THE SANDMAN STORY, WHERE HE STEALS THE EYES OF CHILDREN WHO WON'T SLEEP?

THE SANDMAN IS DEAD, PETER.

FEELING BETTER?

I ALWAYS FEEL BETTER WHEN I SLEEP HERE.

GOOD. NOW LEAVE.

AND THEN YOU ALWAYS DO THAT.

I'M EXPECTING SOMEONE.

THE GUY WHO WAS HERE THE OTHER NIGHT?

HAVE YOU BEEN *SPYING* ON ME?

KNOK KNOK

IS THAT HIM?

GO.

AND BE CAREFUL.

JUST A MINUTE!

HI, DOLL. YOU MISS ME?

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAND?

AH...IT'S NOTHING. SOME *PUNK* GOT IN MY WAY.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. GOTTA SHOW THEM WHO'S BOSS.

AND THAT WOULD BE YOU.

YOU STICK WITH ME, BABY. I'M ON MY WAY UP.

DID YOU THINK ABOUT MY OFFER?

FORTY-NINE PERCENT, SAMMY. THAT'S ALL I'M SELLING.

THE *BLACK CAT CLUB* IS *MINE.* ALWAYS HAS BEEN. ALWAYS WILL BE.

WHAT ABOUT THE GOBLIN?

NORMAN OSBORN SET ME UP HERE. HE LOANED ME THE MONEY.

I PAID HIM BACK.

YEAH... I HEARD.

I'M GONNA BE AS BIG AS OSBORN EVER WAS... *BIGGER.*

SURE, SAMMY...

...SURE YOU ARE.

LATER...

SAMMY, DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT COLORED PEOPLE DISAPPEARING IN HARLEM?

WHAT?

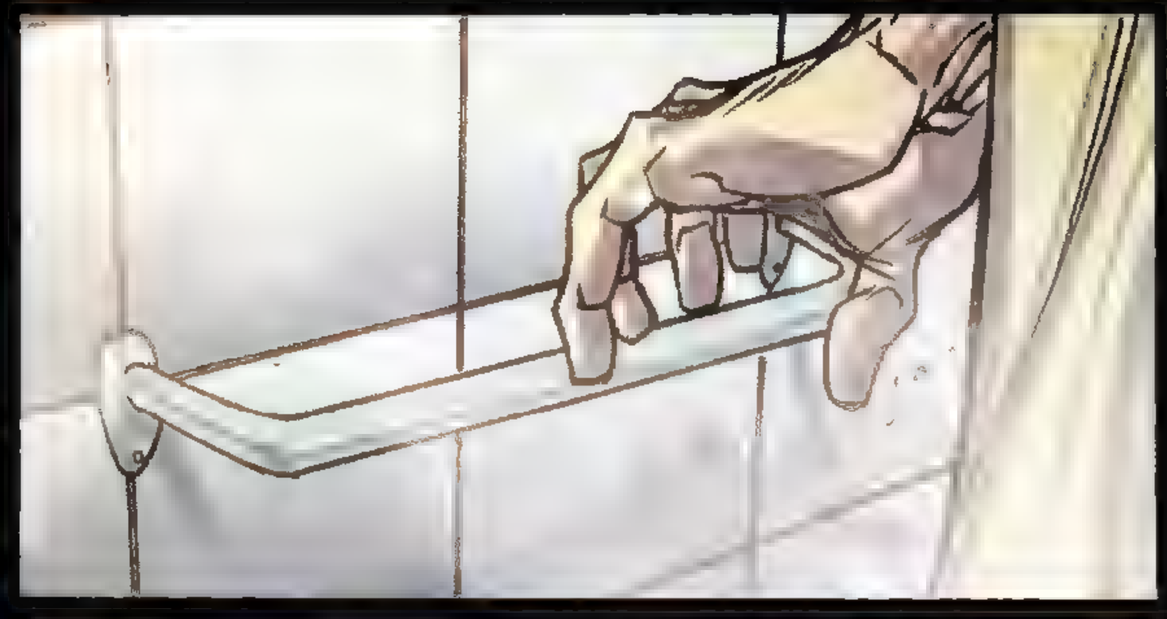
WHY ARE YOU ASKING ME?

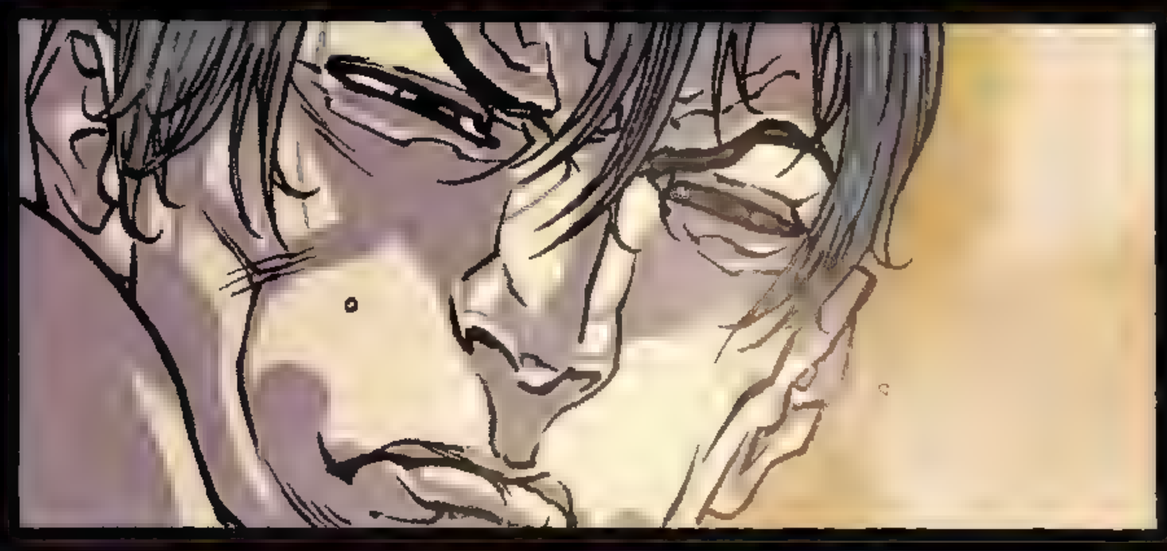
I JUST THOUGHT...YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON...YOU'VE GOT CONNECTIONS...

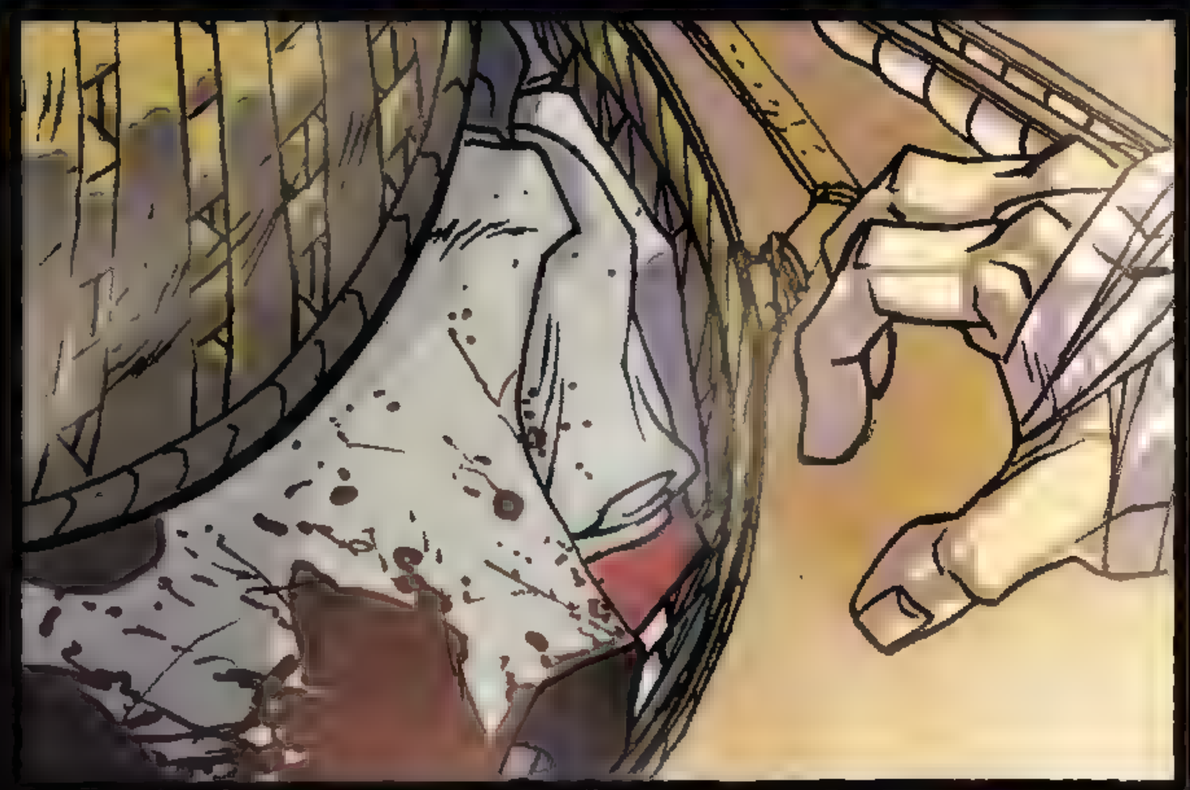
OH YEAH? WELL MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T THINK SO MUCH...

...AND KEEP THAT PRETTY NOSE OUT OF MY BUSINESS!

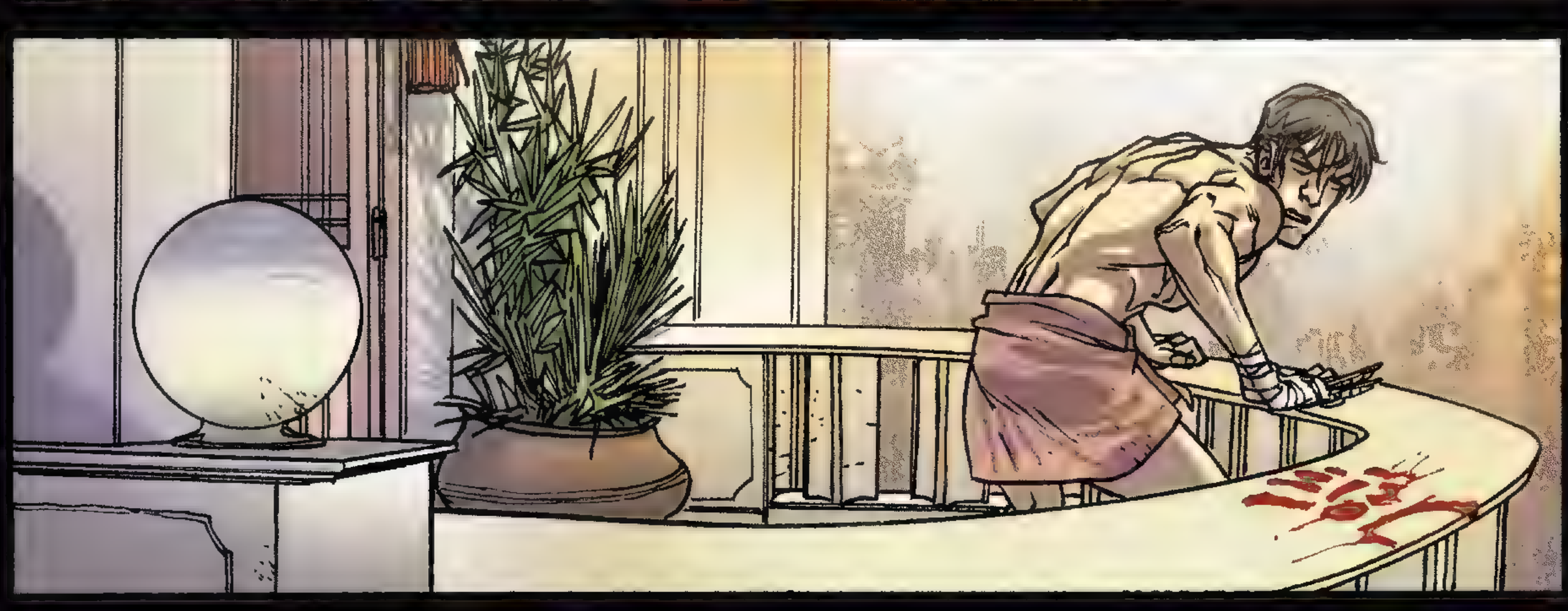
YOUR BUSINESS?







WHO'S BEEN HERE?
NO ONE. I--



IT WAS *HIM!* YOU'VE BEEN CHEATING ON ME WITH THAT *FREAK!*

KRASH

YOU *LIKE* MASKS? IS THAT IT?

IS THAT WHAT GETS YOU *HOT?*

HOW ABOUT THIS ONE?

YOU LIKE *THIS?*

WHO IS HE? WHERE DO I FIND HIM?!
COME ON, YOU LITTLE TRAMP!
TELL ME!
SAMMY, THERE'S *NOTHING* YOU CAN DO TO ME THAT WILL MAKE ME TELL YOU ANYTHING.
YOU HEAR ME?
YEAH, I HEAR YOU.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT...?
I BELIEVE YOU.

THE OFFICE OF JOSEF ANSELL.

SAMMY?

WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?

I HAD SOME BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF.

BUSINESS?! ARE YOU *CRAZY?!*

SANDMAN IS DEAD AND YOU CAME WITHIN A HAIR OF BEING ARRESTED.

I WANT EVERYTHING SHUT DOWN UNTIL THINGS COOL OFF. GET RID OF ANYTHING THAT COULD LEAD THE BUREAU TO ME.

WHAT ABOUT ELLIS ISLAND? YOU WANT THE LIVESTOCK SLAUGHTERED?

YES. KILL THEM ALL.

OCTAVIUS AIN'T GONNA LIKE THAT.

HE'LL LIKE DEATH ROW A WHOLE LOT LESS.

YOU CAN INFORM OCTAVIUS WE'LL START UP AGAIN IN A NEW LOCATION WHEN WE'VE DEALT WITH THE BUREAU.

NOW TELL ME ABOUT THIS SPIDER-MAN. HOW BIG A THREAT IS HE?

HE'S OVERRATED. SANDMAN BEAT HIM HALF TO DEATH BEFORE HE WAS PUT DOWN.

"WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE SPIDER-MAN."

COME HERE, GIRL. GIVE ME THE CUP.

YES, YES. THAT'S IT.

YOU SEE, CONNORS, SHE UNDERSTANDS.

SHE RETAINS FULL MOTOR ABILITIES AND LANGUAGE RECOGNITION. SHE SIMPLY HAS NO CONATIVE WILL.

AS LONG AS SHE IS REWARDED WITH THE BASIC COMFORTS, SHE WILL RESPOND TO COMMANDS.

HMM... PROVIDED SHE'S ALSO AWARE THAT FAILURE TO OBEY WILL BE PUNISHED.

ANY WORKING ANIMAL REQUIRES BASIC CONDITIONING, BUT I SHALL ALWAYS RECOMMEND THE MOST HUMANE TREATMENT.

A HEALTHY, WELL-CARED-FOR CREATURE ALWAYS GIVES THE BEST RETURN.

WE ARE NOT *MONSTERS*, DR. CONNORS.

MY GOD...

*ROBBIE WAS RIGHT. OCTAVIUS IS **INSANE**. DOES HE REALLY THINK HE CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS IN **AMERICA**?*

WHEN DE WOLFE LEARNS ABOUT THIS, HE'LL HAVE THE EXCUSE HE NEEDS TO RAID THIS PLACE.

HELLO?

IS SOMEONE THERE?

FIRST I HAVE TO FIND ROBBIE.

YOU'RE THE SPIDER-MAN!

YEAH. I KNEW THAT.

LET'S KEEP IT QUIET NOW, AND I'LL GET YOU ALL OUT OF HERE.

DO YOU THINK THE SIMPLIFIED PROCEDURE WILL BE AS EFFECTIVE?

I DON'T SEE WHY NOT.

A SIMPLE HOLE DRILLED DIRECTLY INTO THE FRONTAL LOBE.

HARDLY MORE COMPLEX THAN THE TREPANNING OPERATIONS PERFORMED FOR CENTURIES.

ROBBIE!

THANK GOD!

TODAY'S SUBJECT WILL LIVE A FRUITFUL AND CONTENTED LIFE WITHOUT THE CARES AND BURDENS THAT COME WITH FREE WILL.

ROBBIE, IT'S ME.

COME ON, I'M GETTING YOU OUT OF HERE...

THE HELL WITH KEEPING MY IDENTITY SECRET. IF WE'D TRUSTED ONE ANOTHER FROM THE START, ROBBIE WOULD NEVER HAVE ENDED UP HERE.

I ALMOST ENVY HIM.

...EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE OKAY NOW.

FOUR

ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK.

ROBBIE?

SPIDER-MAN: NOIR

EYES WITHOUT A FACE

PART 4: ENDLESS NIGHT

ROBBIE?

TOO LATE. I'M ALWAYS TOO LATE.

MISTER?

HE A FRIEND OF YOURS?

YES.

THEY ALL COME BACK LIKE THAT WHEN DOCTOR OCTAVIUS HAS FINISHED WITH THEM.

HE CAN'T TALK BUT HE'LL DO WHAT YOU TELL HIM.

ROBBIE, CAN YOU STAND UP?

I'M TAKING YOU HOME.

GLORIA'S WAITING FOR YOU.

ALL RIGHT, I WANT YOU ALL TO MOVE QUICKLY AND QUIETLY. ONCE WE'RE OUT OF THE BUILDING WE'LL--

TOO LATE! WE AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE.

THEY'RE THE ONES WHO BROUGHT US HERE.

THE CRIME MASTER'S GOONS. WHY ARE THEY HERE NOW?

STOP THIS! THIS IS YEARS OF WORK. THIS IS MY LIFE!

ANSELL'S ORDERS, DOC. EVERYTHING HAS TO GO. EVERY SCRAP OF PAPER GOES IN THE INCINERATOR.

AND EVERY LAST ONE OF THE PRISONERS.

THE TEST SUBJECTS?

YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

NO?

SNIKT

THAT WASN'T SO DIFFICULT, WAS IT?

YOU *ANIMAL!*

AND WHAT *YOU* DO IS ALL IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE? YOU'RE WORKING FOR A HIGHER PURPOSE, RIGHT, DOC?

LISTEN TO ME, YOU FILTHY LITTLE *CRIPPLE!*

THIS WHOLE OPERATION IS LIABLE TO GO PUBLIC IF WE DON'T GET RID OF THE EVIDENCE.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, CHECK WITH ANSELL.

CALL HIM!

WHERE'S THE INCINERATOR, CONNORS?

THROUGH THERE.

JOSEF, WHAT THE *HELL* IS GOING ON?

THE CRIME MASTER IS HERE AND HE'S THREATENING TO--

I'M SORRY, OTTO. WE HAVE NO CHOICE.

I KNOW HOW IMPORTANT YOUR WORK IS TO ALL OF US, BUT IF MY POSITION BECOMES ENDANGERED...

WE HAVE THE CHANCE TO CARVE OUT THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF THIS COUNTRY. I *CAN'T* JEOPARDIZE THAT.

I'VE ALREADY SET UP A NEW LABORATORY FOR YOU, WHERE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CONTINUE YOUR EXPERIMENTS.

IT'S IN A PLACE CALLED *TUSKEGEE* DOWN IN ALABAMA.

NO ONE WILL BOTHER YOU THERE.

WHAT ABOUT THE CRIME MASTER? I WILL NOT ASSOCIATE WITH THAT *PIG*--

HE'S BECOMING A LIABILITY. REST ASSURED, ONCE THIS IS OVER, HE WILL BE DEALT WITH.

WE GET RID OF ANIMALS IN THERE, TOO.

THROW HER IN.

LET'S SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES TO INCINERATE A HUMAN CORPSE.

THERE ARE AT LEAST TWO DOZEN PRISONERS.

THEN THE SOONER WE START THE BETTER.

SHOOT THEM IN THE CELLS. I DON'T WANT THEM RUNNING LOOSE.

NO GUNFIRE UP HERE. THE BASEMENT IS SOUNDPROOF BUT ANY SHOTS ABOVE GROUND WILL BRING THE TROOPS FROM THE DETENTION CENTER.

YOU HEARD THE MAN! NO GUNS!

THWIP

WHAP

YAAAH!

UNNGH--

UNNFF!

WAP

DAMN IT! HOW THE HELL DID THE SPIDER-MAN FIND US HERE?

THAT'S ENOUGH!

BACK OFF, BUG-MAN, OR I'LL *KILL* HIM LIKE I KILLED YOUR CAT-LOVING *FLOOZIE.*

FELICIA?

YOU KILLED FELICIA?!

FELICIA'S LOVER. IT WAS HIM. IT WAS HIM ALL ALONG.

HAD TO DO IT. I DON'T *SHARE* MY WOMEN.

SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS HOT STUFF BUT SHE WAS NEVER MORE THAN A STEP UP FROM THE GUTTER.

WE HAVE TO BLOW!

"A BOATLOAD OF HOOVER'S AGENTS JUST ARRIVED AT THE JETTY!"

GO HOLD THEM OFF!

WHY WOULD THEY DO THAT?

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO'S *KILLED* ANYONE HERE. IF THEY SHOOT SOMEONE NOW, THEY'LL BE JOINING YOU ON DEATH ROW.

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE.

WAIT! COME BACK HERE!

IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HEADING FOR YOUR BOAT. AND I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU.

I SAID DON'T MOVE!

YOU MOVE AND I'LL SLIT THIS ZOMBIE'S THROAT.

IF YOU LET GO OF YOUR HOSTAGE SO YOU CAN RUN FOR IT, THE SPIDER-MAN WILL TAKE YOU DOWN IN A SECOND.

QUITE A DILEMMA, ISN'T IT?

SHUT UP!

I DON'T HAVE THE LUXURY OF RUNNING AWAY, OF COURSE...

...BECAUSE I'M A CRIPPLE!

UKK!

NO!

GO FIND THE AGENTS. TAKE HIM WITH YOU.

ROBBIE! COME HERE!

I HEAR YOU ENJOY CUTTING YOUR VICTIMS. THEY TELL ME YOU'RE QUITE AN ARTIST.

PLEASE... HELP ME...

YOU SHOULD APPRECIATE WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU.

=HUFF=
WELL NOW--
I HOPE YOU'LL PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME AFTER THAT.

A GOOD WORD?

AT MY TRIAL. IF THERE *IS* A TRIAL.

THIS WAS A GOVERNMENT PROJECT--AND I DO HAVE FRIENDS IN ***VERY*** HIGH PLACES.

THERE WON'T BE A TRIAL.

SNAP

SNAP

ARE YOU *MAD?*

YOU THINK THIS IS WORTH DYING FOR?!

YOU TELL ME...

IS IT?!

NOOO!

HUK-UKK

YOU'LL NEVER OPERATE ON ANYONE AGAIN, OCTAVIUS.

STOP!

LET HIM GO.
IF YOU KILL HIM, WE'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHO WAS BEHIND THIS MESS.
STAY OUT OF THIS, DE WOLFE.
HEY, *YOU* SENT FOR ME.
WHAT?
YOUR GIRLFRIEND CALLED ME, TOLD ME WHAT WAS HAPPENING HERE.
FELICIA?
I DIDN'T GET HER NAME.
THE CRIME MASTER SAID SHE WAS DEAD.
THAT'S THE THING WITH THESE PSYCHOTIC MASS MURDERERS--
--YOU CAN'T TRUST A THING THEY TELL YOU.

THE SUN WAS RISING AS WE REACHED THE MANHATTAN DOCKS.

AGENT DE WOLFE!

MESSAGE FROM THE PORT AUTHORITY. A BOATLOAD OF HOODLUMS HAS BEEN PICKED UP BY THE HARBOR PATROL.

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE ROUNDED UP THE WHOLE BUNCH.

EXCEPT WHOEVER WAS PULLING THE STRINGS.

OCTAVIUS WILL TALK EVENTUALLY.

I HAVE TO GO SEE SOMEONE, ROBBIE. THESE PEOPLE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

GOOD LUCK. AND TELL YOUR GIRLFRIEND THANKS.

I HATE TO LEAVE ROBBIE LIKE THIS, BUT I HAVE TO KNOW THAT FELICIA IS OKAY. I HAVE TO SEE HER, TO TELL HER HOW I FEEL.

LIPPY?
WHERE'S FELICIA?
THE LADY ISN'T HERE.
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE IS SHE?
PRIVATE CLINIC.
SHE GOT HURT, BUT SHE'LL RECOVER.
I HAVE TO SEE HER.
SHE DOESN'T WANT TO SEE YOU.
NOT NOW.
NOT EVER.
TELL ME WHERE SHE IS, LIPPY!
NO. YOU LEAVE HER ALONE.
SHE GOT HURT BECAUSE OF *YOU.*

ONE MONTH LATER. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS. THE HOME OF CARVER AND ROBBIE ROBERTSON.

ROBBIE, YOU HAVE VISITORS.

PETER AND MAY. AND MARY JANE.

YOU REMEMBER MARY JANE WATSON?

HE DOESN'T REMEMBER ANY OF US. PHYSICALLY HE'S FINE, BUT THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE TO HIS BRAIN.

PETER, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT OCTAVIUS?

HE'S NOT GOING TO STAND TRIAL.

WHAT?!

HE WAS RIGHT THERE WITH THE OPERATING EQUIPMENT. ALL THOSE WITNESSES.

THAT AGENT, DE WOLFE. HE CALLED. VERY APOLOGETIC.

GENUINELY APOLOGETIC, I THINK. HE SOUNDED LIKE A DECENT MAN.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF *DECENT* MEN.

APPARENTLY THE GOVERNMENT HAS DONE A DEAL. OCTAVIUS WAS WORKING ON GOVERNMENT PROJECTS. A TRIAL WOULD EXPOSE STATE SECRETS.

HE'S BEING DEPORTED TO GERMANY.

HOW COULD THEY *DO* THAT?

DON'T THEY KNOW HE'LL KEEP ON WITH HIS SICK EXPERIMENTS?

I'M SORRY, ROBBIE.

I'M SO SORRY.

COME OUTSIDE. I NEED TO TALK TO YOU.

YOU HAVE TO STOP BLAMING YOURSELF.

THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD HAVE DONE TO CHANGE WHAT HAPPENED.

I'M LOSING EVERYONE, MARY JANE.

ALL THE PEOPLE I CARE ABOUT.

I'M HERE FOR YOU.

THINGS ARE GOING TO GET BETTER.

NO. NO THEY AREN'T.

CAN'T YOU *FEEL* IT?

IT'S LIKE GLORIA SAID-- THE WORLD IS FULL OF DECENT PEOPLE, BUT THAT ISN'T ENOUGH, IS IT?

THERE'S SOMETHING COMING.

SOMETHING SO BAD ALL THE DECENT PEOPLE WILL BE *CRUSHED* LIKE INSECTS...

BERLIN. TEMPELHOF AIRPORT.

GOOD MORNING, HERR HIMMLER.

IT'S AN HONOR TO MEET YOU IN PERSON AT LAST.

WHAT IS *THIS?*

I WAS LED TO BELIEVE YOU WERE IN A WHEELCHAIR AS THE RESULT OF AN INJURY.

MY CONDITION IS CONGENITAL. I--

GET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT.

BUT, HERR HIMMLER, HIS RESEARCH COULD BE OF GREAT VALUE.

A DEFECTIVE HUMAN CAN ONLY PRODUCE DEFECTIVE IDEAS.

THE NATIONAL SOCIALIST VISION OF THE FUTURE DOES NOT INCLUDE DEVIANTS AND CRIPPLES.

"OUR GOAL IS A LAND PEOPLED BY A PURE NORDIC ARYAN RACE OF PERFECT MINDS IN PERFECT BODIES.

"EVERYTHING ELSE WILL BE SWEPT ASIDE."

FELICIA CAME BACK EVENTUALLY. SHE DOESN'T LEAVE THE APARTMENT AND SHE HAS NO VISITORS APART FROM LIPPY.

SHE SAID SHE NEVER WANTS TO SEE ME AGAIN AND I'LL RESPECT THAT, BUT I WATCH HER SOMETIMES AT NIGHT ON HER BALCONY, LOOKING OUT OVER THE CITY.

LIPPY TOLD ME HOW HE FOUND HER, THE PHONE IN HER HAND. SHE DIDN'T TELL DE WOLFE WHAT THE CRIME MASTER HAD DONE TO HER. SHE DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW.

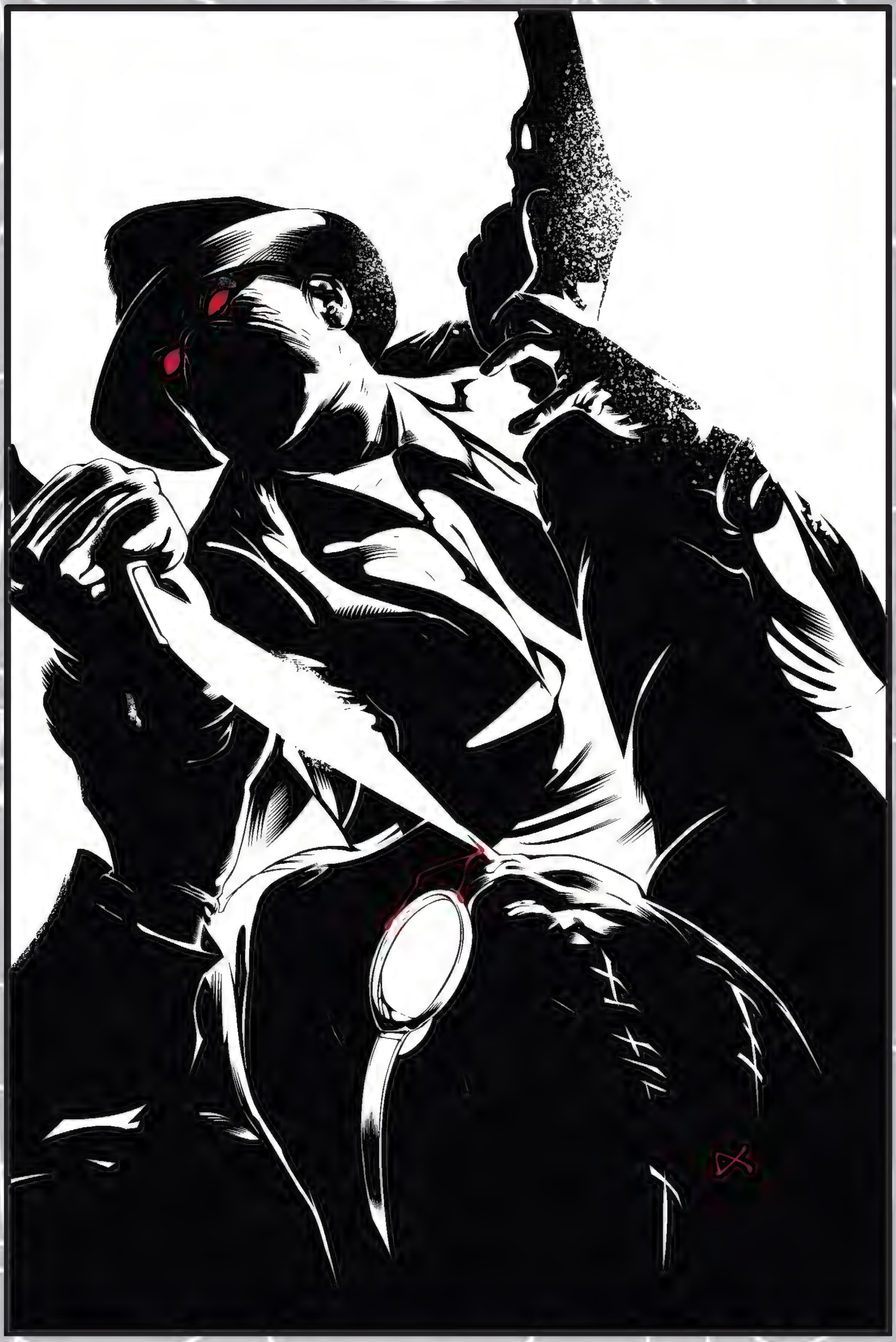
SHE WALKED WITH A STICK FOR A WHILE, BUT HER INJURIES ARE MOSTLY HEALED NOW...

THE BROKEN BONES ARE MENDED, HER DAMAGED ORGANS HAVE RECOVERED.

ONLY THE SCARS REMAIN.

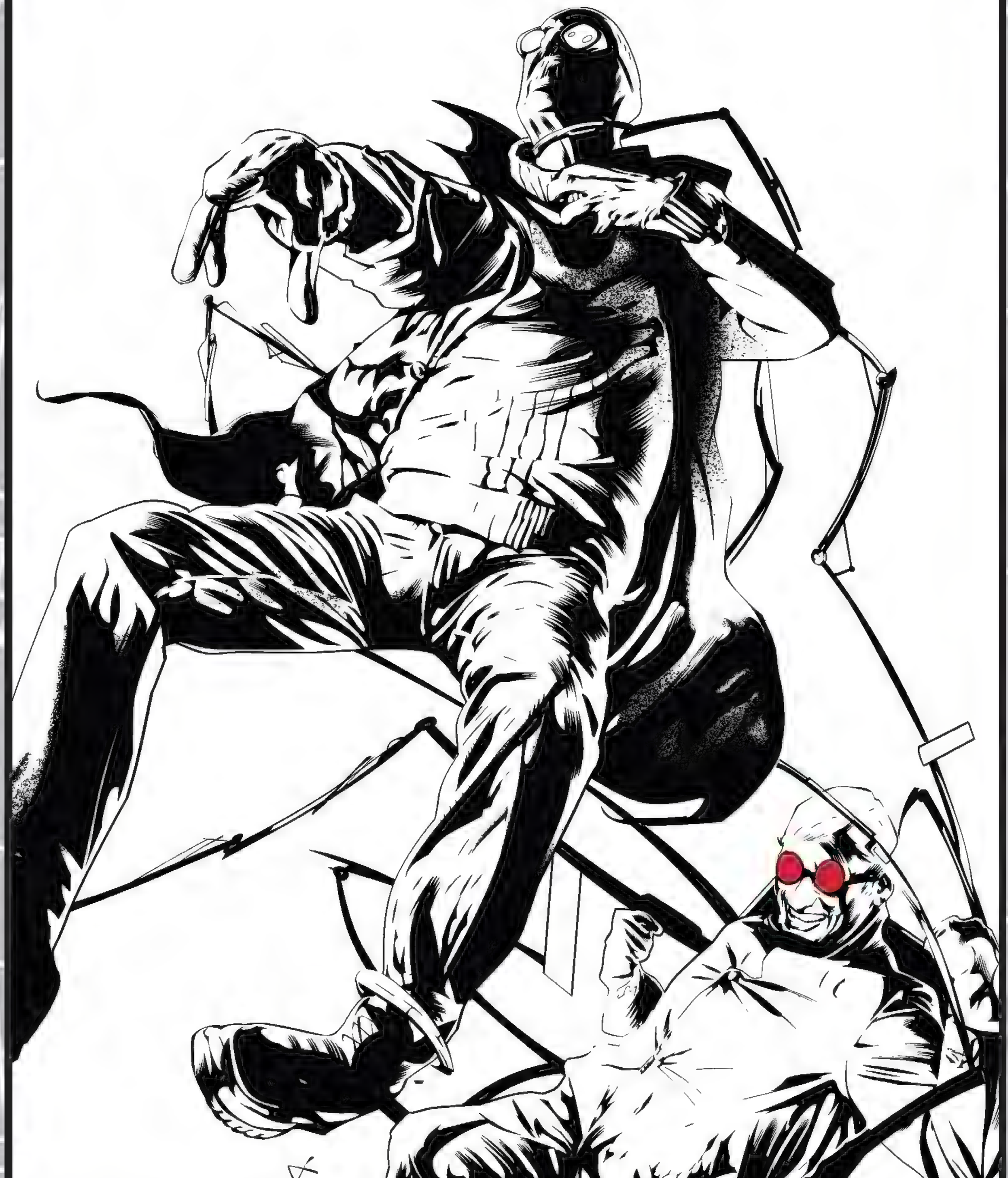
THE END

#1 VARIANT BY DENNIS CALERO



#2 VARIANT BY DENNIS CALERO

#3 VARIANT BY DENNIS CALERO



#4 VARIANT BY DENNIS CALERO

#1 VARIANT COVER OPTIONS

#1 COVER INKS

#2 COVER INKS

#3 COVER INKS

#4 COVER INKS

SPIDER-MAN NOIR (SERIES 2)

ISSUE #1 SCRIPT EXCERPT

DAVID HINE WITH FABRICE SAPOLSKY

Background Notes:
Carmine, to fill you in on where we are at with this new series… several months have passed since the end of Series 1. FDR is in the White House and the mood of the country has improved, but not much. The Depression didn't end overnight. Things were tough for the rest of the decade and for some, they got a lot worse before they got better. We'll be covering the race issue for instance. Blacks suffered disproportionately during the Depression. That's something we'll touch on when we introduce Robbie Robertson, and racism will be a key theme to this series, as we see Doctor Octavius using kidnapped black civilians for his experiments.

Before that, we'll be seeing what has happened to the crime scene since the demise of the Goblin. In the opening scene, we'll introduce the new kingpin of crime, appropriately named Crime Master. This is a character who originally appeared in the Lee/Ditko run on Spider-Man back in the sixties. Of all the Marvel characters, this one is the most appropriate to a Noir series. We really don't need to change the visual much from that first Ditko depiction. (Full description is in the script)

Jean de Wolfe is head of the push by the Bureau of Investigation to deal with gangsterism and corruption in New York. The United States Bureau of Investigation would later become the FBI (in 1935). De Wolfe is hampered by his own strict adherence to the rule of law.

Peter Parker is once again working as a reporter and photographer for The Daily Bugle, while continuing to fight crime by night as The Spider-Man. Felicia Hardy is still running The Black Cat night club. Although FDR was opposed to Prohibition, the anti-alcohol laws were in force until December of 1933, so her club is still selling bootleg booze throughout this series.

Felicia has gone back to her neutral status and won't be feeding info on her clients to Spider-Man although she and Peter Parker still have a mutual attraction. Later, at a pivotal point in the plot, she will change her mind, and play a key part in the downfall of the Crime Master.

PAGE 1

Panel 1
Night. Exterior. The offices of the Bureau of Investigation. This is an office building in central Manhattan. There are a few steps up to double doors. The upper half of the doors is glass. Light from inside tells us the office is open. The Bureau never sleeps. A discreet brass plaque on the wall beside the entrance: "United States Bureau of Investigation." (writing doesn't have to be visible in this panel)

A car is driving past at high speed and without slowing, a body is pushed out of it.

A plainclothes agent about to enter the building, turns in surprise as the body comes flying out of the car.

Caption: SEPTEMBER 1933. AROUND MIDNIGHT. THE MANHATTAN OFFICE OF THE BUREAU

OF INVESTIGATION.

Panel 2
Looking down onto the body of The Squealer. He's on his back, eyes staring sightlessly. His mouth is stuffed with bloodstained bank notes. A piece of paper is pinned to the front of his shirt. It reads: "SQUEALER"

[NO COPY]

Panel 3
A shot of the body on the sidewalk with half a dozen agents standing around it. The doors to the building are open and the body is lying in the rectangle of light that spills from the doorway. This is a few minutes later, after the agents inside the building have been alerted, including Jean de Wolfe. The agents are wearing jackets and hats, except de Wolfe. He has obviously hurried out from his office and is hatless and jacketless. He is wearing a shoulder holster. In the holster he carries his Smith and Wesson model 32 revolver.

[**Agent Jean de Wolfe**: Mid-thirties. Dark brown hair. He's tall, athletic build. His features communicate that he is a man of integrity. Honest, tough and a little world-weary.]

De Wolfe is standing beside the body, looking down at it with an unreadable expression. Another agent is kneeling beside the body, pulling the bank notes out of the Squealer's mouth, reacting when he sees the tongue is missing. (Place the kneeling agent to the left of the panel and de Wolfe to the right.)

Kneeling agent: OH, JEEZ! HIS TONGUE'S GONE.

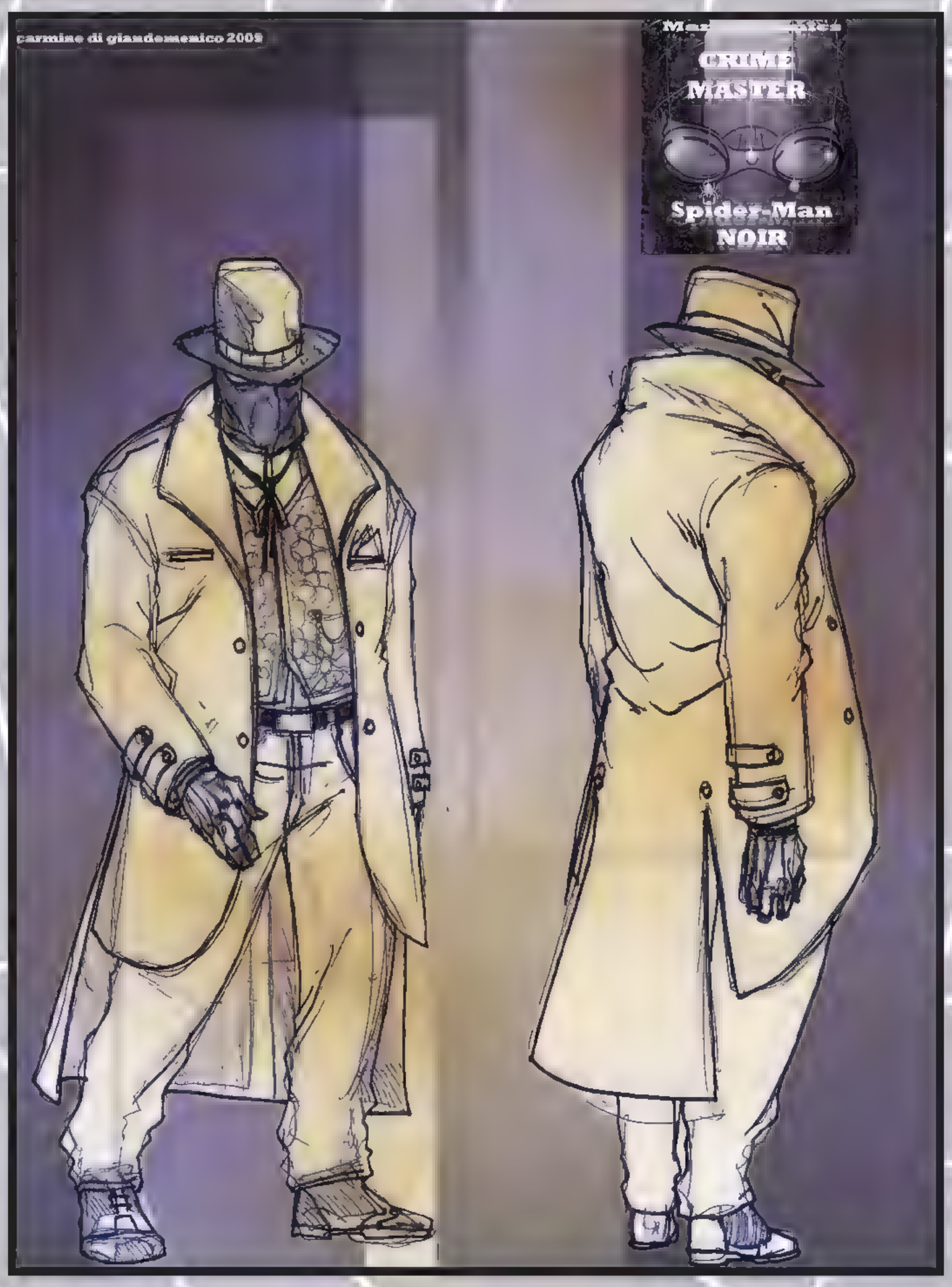
De Wolfe: COUNT THE MONEY.

Panel 4
Low point of view. In the foreground the kneeling agent has finished counting the money and looks up at de Wolfe.

De Wolfe: TWO HUNDRED IN TENS AND TWENTIES, RIGHT?

Kneeling agent: ON THE NOSE.

(linked balloon): HOW DID YOU KNOW?



Panel 5

Zoom to close-up of De Wolfe.

De Wolfe: IT'S WHAT I PAID HIM.

PAGES 2 - 3

[Carmine: If you prefer, you can make pages 2 – 3 a double-page spread. Your call.]

Panel 1
Spider-Man is standing on a rooftop, opposite, looking down into the street, where the agents are gathered around the body of the Squealer.

Caption (Spider-Man): EIGHT MONTHS AGO, I TOOK DOWN THE GOBLIN AND IT LEFT A POWER VACUUM. NOW THERE'S A NEW BOSS IN TOWN.

Caption (Spider-Man): DUMPING A BODY ON THE STEPS OF THE BUREAU'S OFFICE TAKES SOME MOXIE. HE'S TELLING THE PLAYERS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LAW THAT HE'S UNTOUCHABLE.

Panel 2
Spidey head-and-shoulders.

Caption (Spider-Man): IT'S TIME SOMEBODY PROVED HIM WRONG.

Panel 3
Cut to a warehouse district in Brooklyn. A lorry is driving into a warehouse. Two gangsters armed with Tommy guns are in the street, keeping a watchful eye around them. Clearly this is a lorryload of contraband. They haven't spotted Spider-Man, crouching above them on a ledge. One of the gangsters is powerfully built, the other a thin, twitchy guy with a thin moustache.

Locator: BROOKLYN: THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT: 2 AM.

Panel 4
The two gangsters whirl around, looking up at Spider-Man as he drops towards them, his coat spreading out like a cape. The gangsters are trying to bring their tommyguns up to fire, but they aren't going to be fast enough.

Panel 5
Spider-Man, still in mid-air, connects with the gangsters, kicking one in the jaw, knocking him violently backwards, and punching the other. Both are firing their tommyguns but the shots are wide of their mark.

SFX: BRRAT-A-BRRAT-A-BRRAT

Panel 6
Low point of view. The heavy-set gangster is lying unconscious on the ground, still clutching his smoking tommygun. The twitchy one has dropped his weapon and is half sitting, backed up against a wall. All we see of Spider-Man is his lower legs and the bottom of his leather coat. He's standing in front of the twitchy gangster who is staring up at him in terror. Spider-Man's shadow is cast over the petrified gangster.
Spider-Man (off): I HAVE A QUESTION.

Panel 7
Reverse POV, looking towards Spider-Man. Another gangster is emerging stealthily from the warehouse. He has a handgun leveled at Spider-Man's head. Spidey gives no indication that he is aware of him.

Spider-Man: **WHO IS HE?**

Panel 8
His Spider-sense is tingling. Without turning his head, Spidey fires a burst of webbing back over his shoulder that wraps around the gangster's upper body and gun hand.

SFX:THWIP

PAGE 4

Panel 1
Spidey takes a moment to punch out the gangster behind him. He knocks him out with an almost casual blow.

Gangster: UNNF

Panel 2
Spidey turns his attention back to the twitchy gangster, hauling him up by his jacket.

Spider-Man: **WHO IS THE CRIME MASTER?!**

Twitchy: NUH-NOBODY KNOWS.

(linked balloon): HE-HE WEARS A MASK.

Panel 3

Spider-Man: WHERE DO I FIND HIM?

Twitchy: DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE **DOES** TO STOOL PIGEONS?

Panel 4
Spider-Man draws back his fist, preparing to deliver a killer blow. The gangster is crapping himself but he's even more scared of The Crime Master.

Spider-Man: I'VE SEEN WHAT HE DOES. THING IS...

Panel 5
Spider-Man hits the wall beside the gangster's head with a pile driver punch that smashes deep into the wall. The gangster flinches away as the splinters of brick fly like shrapnel.

SFX: WHAM!

Panel 6

Extreme close-up of Spider-Man. We can see the terrified face of the gangster, reflected in each of the glass lenses of Spider-Man's goggles.

Spider-Man: …HE ISN'T HERE.

(linked balloon): I **AM.**

PAGE 5

Panel 1

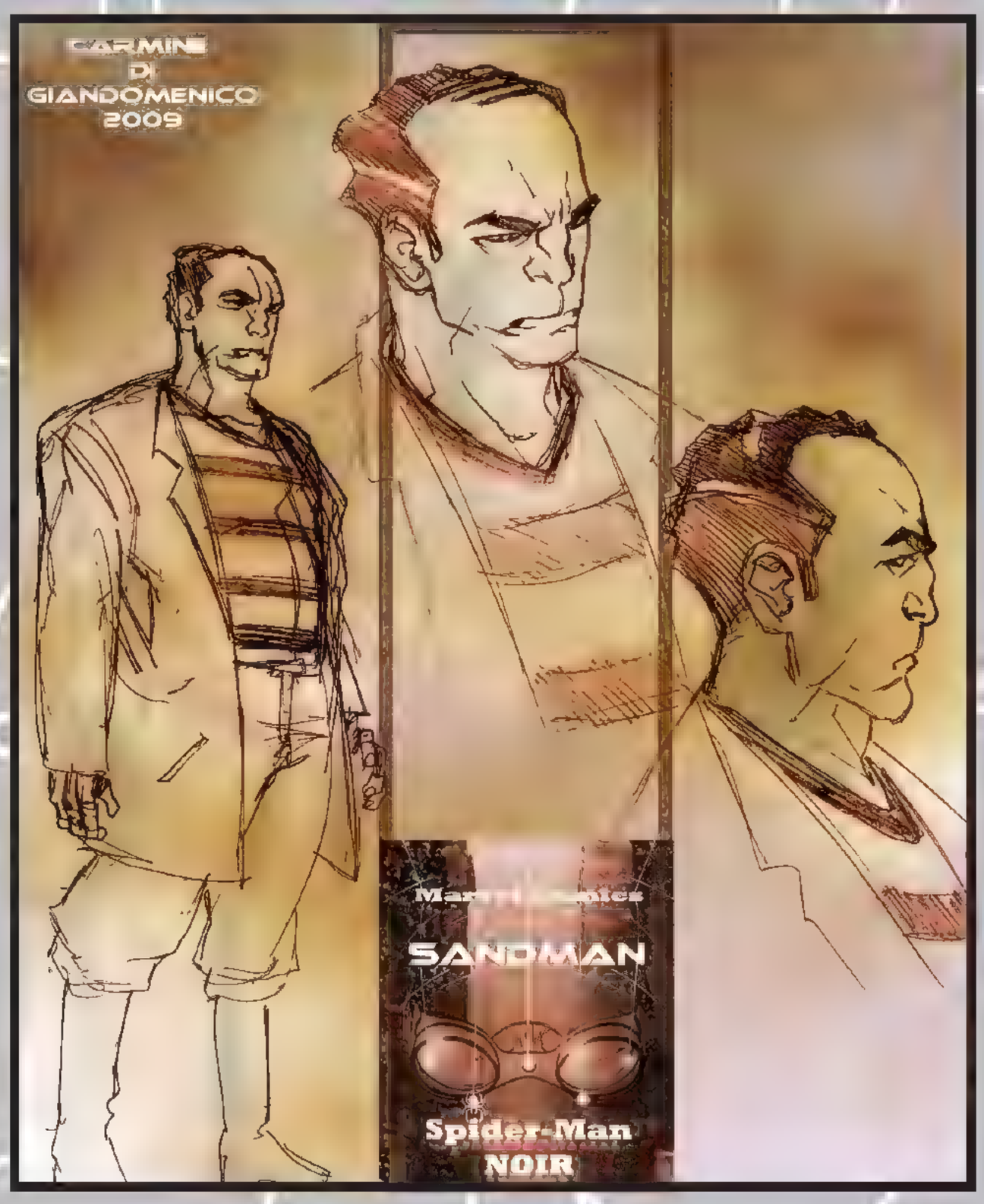
Cut to: interior. An office. There's a Venetian blind on the window a couple of filing cabinets against one wall. Crime Master is seated behind a desk with a telephone and a lamp on it and nothing else. The lighting should be contrived so that Crime Master's face is in the shadow in this shot.

Donato Moretti is entering the room with one of his goons.

Standing beside the door is The Sandman.

The Sandman: Unlike most of the gangsters, The Sandman wears a brown leather jacket over the trademark Sandman striped green sweater. He is tall and built like a circus strongman. He has the broken nose of a fighter. He's pug ugly and his eyes are empty of emotion. He's a killing machine.

Crime Master: See the reference images for Crime Master from the original appearance in Spider-Man #26. I don't think we need to make many changes except to make the suit double-breasted with wider shoulders, so it looks more like the style of the 1930's. He wears the plain black mask that hides everything but his eyes, and black leather gloves. There is a silk handkerchief in his breast pocket.



Donato Moretti: We saw this gangster in the first series: Part 3, Page 13 - the pudgy, effeminate guy in the white fur-trimmed coat. It's early autumn and the evenings are still warm, so he isn't wearing the overcoat. His suit and hat are all white. He has a red tie with diamond-studded tie-pin.

Caption: FOUR HOURS AGO.

Crime Master: DONATO MORETTI. THANK YOU FOR COMING.

Moretti: MAKE IT SNAPPY. I HAVE PLACES TO GO.

Panel 2

Mid-shot of The Crime Master as he leans forward into the light. Moretti, standing in front of the desk, laughs quietly to himself.

Crime Master: ALL RIGHT. HERE'S THE **SNAPPY** VERSION.

(linked balloon): I TAKE THIRTY PERCENT OF YOUR RECEIPTS, OFF THE TOP. IN RETURN I GUARANTEE YOUR TURF. NO COMPETITION. NO INTERFERENCE FROM--

Moretti: HEH, HEH.

Panel 3
The Crime Master's hand, on the desk, has curled into a fist.

Crime Master: ARE YOU **LAUGHING** AT ME?

Moretti: YOU CALL ME HERE. YOU **SUMMON** ME…

(linked balloon): I CAME HERE, OUT OF CURIOSITY. I WANTED TO SEE WHAT KIND OF **TWO-BIT PUNK** HIDES HIS FACE BEHIND A **MASK.**

Panel 4
Moretti leans across the table, glaring into The Crime Master's face.

Moretti: EVEN THE GOBLIN NEVER TOOK THIRTY PERCENT AND THE GOBLIN WAS A **MAN.** HE COMMANDED RESPECT. WE **GAVE** HIM RESPECT. YOU…

(linked balloon): **THIS** IS WHAT I GIVE YOU…

Panel 5
He spits in Crime Master's face.

SFX: P-TOOO

Panel 6
Silent shot of the phlegm running down his mask.

[NO COPY]

PAGE 6

Panel 1
Low angle, from behind Moretti's goon as Moretti turns away from The Crime Master, who is calmly taking the handkerchief from his breast pocket. All we're seeing of the goon, in the foreground, a close-up of his lower arm and his hand, which is clutching desperately at the air (we'll see why in the next panel).

Moretti: OKAY. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

(linked balloon): TONY?

Panel 2
Sandman is gripping Tony's head between his two hands. Sandman's expression is impassive as he begins to squeeze. Tony's eyes are almost popping out of his head, the

sides of his face distorting as the hands begin to exert incredible pressure.

Tony: NNUUUUNNGGH

Panel 3
Crime Master is wiping the saliva from his mask with the silk handkerchief.

Crime Master: DO YOU KNOW WHY THEY CALL HIM THE SANDMAN?

Panel 4
Sandman increases the pressure, beginning to crush Tony's head. His expression barely changes as he whispers in Tony's ear.

Sandman: SWEET DREAMS, TONY.

Tony: KKK-UUKKK

Panel 5
Zoom on Sandman's face, eyes staring right at us, grimacing a little with the effort as he crushes Tony's head. SFX of the skull being crushed off panel

SFX: CRUNCH

PAGE 7

Panel 1
Cut to: Exterior. Night. Spider-Man standing in a deserted street, in front of an abandoned theatre. The theatre sign is broken and the door and windows are boarded up. There's a poster pasted onto the front door: "Closed for Renovation."

Locator: THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
3 AM.

Caption (Spider-Man): LOOKS LIKE THIS PLACE IS CLOSED FOR BUSINESS.

Panel 2
An alley beside the theatre. Spidey is firing his web at a fire escape with the intention of pulling himself up to enter the theatre through the window (the ladder is raised so it's not accessible. We're also having Spidey leave his webbing at the crime scene for Jean de Wolfe to find when he investigates the scene next issue).

Caption (Spider-Man): SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT GOON GAVE UP THIS LOCATION TOO EASILY.

Panel 3

Inside the theatre. Spider-Man is silhouetted against the moonlight as he climbs through the window.

Caption (Spider-Man): NO MOVEMENT. NO SOUND. THERE'S NO ONE HERE.

Caption (Spider-Man): BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG.

Caption (Spider-Man):THERE'S AN ODOUR.

Panel 4
Spider-Man is on the stage, behind the closed curtains. Some of the stage lights have been left on, enough to create mood lighting.

Caption (Spider-Man): THE LAST TIME I SMELLED IT WAS THE NIGHT UNCLE BEN DIED.

Panel 5
He is pulling the curtains aside.

Caption (Spider-Man): I KNOW WHAT IT IS…

Panel 6
Spider-Man reacts with shock as he see what is waiting on the other side of the curtain.

[NO COPY]

PAGE 8

Full page splash. On the other side of the curtain there's an audience of corpses. There are at least a dozen dead gangsters propped up in the first four rows of seats.

The light from the stage is enough to cast some light on the bodies, but this will work best with a lot of shadow. All the bodies have been mutilated, throats cut, heads crushed. There is a lot of blood on the clothes. These guys did not die well.

Prominent is Moretti. His face is completely in shadow, but there's a lot of blood visible on his distinctive white suit. Place him in the second row so we don't see his lap yet (his face has been sliced off and left in his lap).

Caption (Spider-Man): …THE STENCH OF THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

[Titles and Credits]

PART ONE: AROUND MIDNIGHT

"The use of coloring is superb…The dialog is smart and characterization can't be beat…I don't possibly think I could recommend something like this enough."

— Lans Pitts, *Newsarama.com*

The Goblin is gone. The Spider-Man saw to that. But then, along came the Crime Master, and now New York City's criminals have a new overlord — one who strikes terror in the hearts of the innocent and guilty alike. He must be stopped.

And then there's Dr. Otto Octavius, a brilliant scientist working out of a U.S. government lab on Ellis Island. What's he up to? What's the European connection? Robbie Robertson wanted to know. He never knew what he was getting himself into.

Who is the Crime Master? What's going on in Octavius' lab? Who's behind it all? Peter Parker has to find out, and fast. Before his friend Robbie is lost forever. Before more innocent people are killed. And before Spider-Man loses his greatest battle with the deadliest foes he's ever faced — enemies for whom the prize is not just control over the city, but over the world itself…

Collecting *Spider-Man Noir: Eyes Without A Face #1-4* — written by David Hine (*District X*) and Fabrice Sapolsky (*Comic Box*), and illustrated by Carmine Di Giandomenico (*Daredevil: Battlin' Jack Murdock*).

T+ MARVEL